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THE DAILY MIRROR, Monday, January 24, 1916.

THE GREAT AIR ELECTION: SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,822.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1916

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

MILE END TO CHOOSE TO-MORROW: MOMENTOUS DECISION WHICH
THE WHOLE OF ENGLAND AWAITS WITH INTEREST.

P. 11100.

P. 422813.



Mr. Pemberton Billing. He has to fight the united machine of the Unionist and Radical Parties.

Mr. Warwick Brookes.

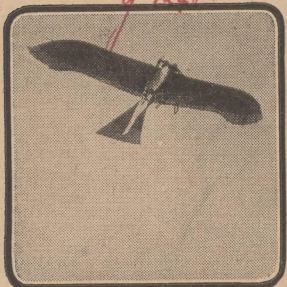
Pemberton Billing or Warwick Brookes? To-morrow the electors of Mile End will go to the polling booths to select a new member, and their choice lies between a practical airman—a man who has done things and who knows the art of flying from A to Z—or the managing director of a large West End stores. Mr. Billing takes his stand on the

question of air raids, of which there were two yesterday, but which are trifling affairs compared with what may happen in the future. He wishes to preserve the lives and homes of the people, and this is why he is seeking the suffrages of a great London constituency. He was recently promoted to the rank of squadron commander.

FIRE AND RUIN CAUSED BY BOMBS: WHY MR. BILLING MUST BE AN M.P.



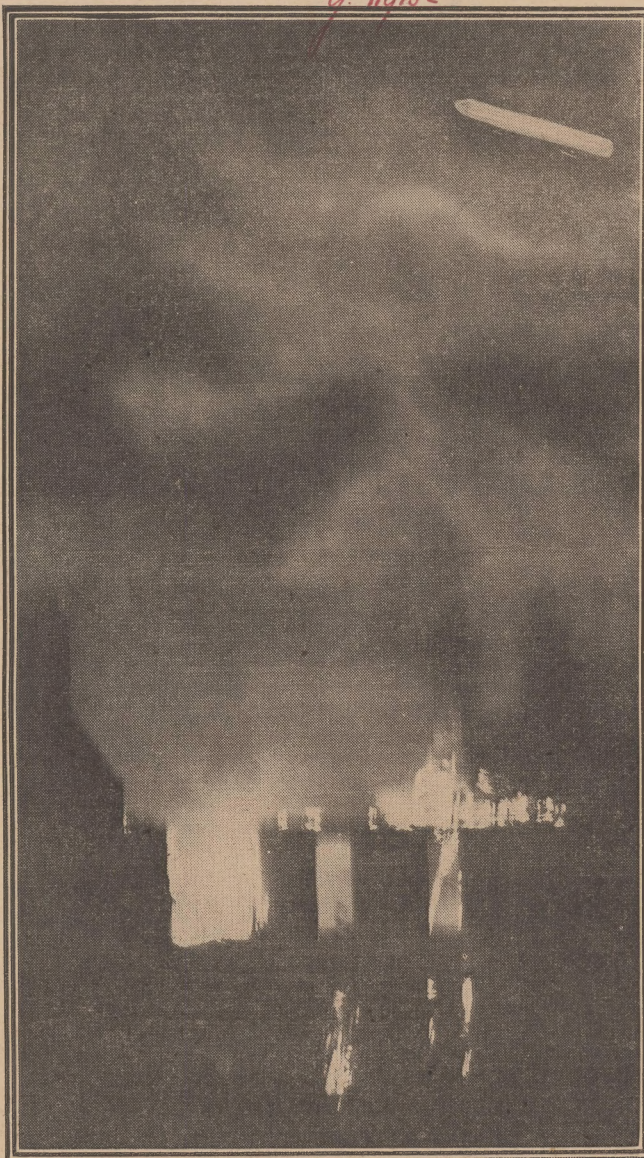
Mr. Bottomley, who has made some telling speeches to the electors.



A Taube in flight. These German machines dropped bombs here.



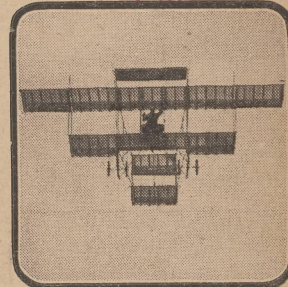
Mr. Edgar Middleton, who has flown over the German lines, but who had to leave the Air Service owing to heart trouble. He felt it his duty to come forward and support Mr. Billing, and spoke on his behalf on Saturday, when he endorsed his policy and urged the electors to return him to Parliament.



Composite picture giving an impression of a Zeppelin with its trail of fire-swept ruin. The fire in the photograph was actually caused by an incendiary bomb.



Mr. Ben Tillett, the Labour leader, an ardent supporter of Mr. Billing.



Mr. Billing waving to his wife while making a flight.



Which way would he have voted? He is Corporal Alfred Drake, one of the new V.C.s, who gave his own life in order to save his officer. He was in the Rifle Brigade, and belonged to the East End of London. His magnificent deed, of which his fellow citizens may well be proud, is described in full elsewhere.



Looking at the debris of a ruined building. The great gas-bags cross the sea in the night with the fell intention of dealing death and destruction.



Mr. Brookes, who has been unable to thrust air raids into the background.



In the track of the murderers. They do not select fortified places within the zone of operations in accordance with international law, but drop bombs anywhere.

'IT IS NO USE FOR LONDON TO TRUST TO THE DARK' TO PREVENT AIR RAIDS

Swift Justification of Mr. Billing's Warning.

RAID IN MOONLIGHT.

Man Who Made Air-War on Huns Is Man for Mile End.

DEFEND-YOUR-HOME VOTE

"It is no use for London to trust to the dark."

Dramatic justification for this warning by Mr. Pemberton Billing, the a man candidate for Mile End, was afforded yesterday by the German aeroplane raid made in bright moonlight on the Kentish coast. That warning was barely a week old.

Mr. Pemberton Billing, who is urging a strong fight-in-the-air policy as the best means of defending our homes, yesterday announced to a great Mile End meeting the brief details of the raid. Polling takes place to-morrow, when Mile End will give its verdict.

NEWS THAT SENT THRILL THROUGH MILE END.

Mr. Pemberton Billing's Warning and the Hun Menace to London.

"Mile End is wonderful!" This was the comment of Mr. Horatio Bottomley after two tremendous meetings held yesterday at the Mile End Palladium in support of the airman candidate, Squadron-Commander Pemberton Billing.

The whole constituency was shaken yesterday by the news of Germany's latest air raid. It was probably the most dramatic justification of a prophecy that any election has ever seen, and it staggered Mile End.

THE WARNING AND—

Just a week ago yesterday Mr. Pemberton Billing, in opening his campaign, said—

"It is no use for London to trust to the dark. It is foolish for London to be afraid of Zeppelins only."

London will be attacked in the day and in the moonlight by German bomb-dropping aeroplanes."

—THE TRAGIC SEQUEL.

And yesterday morning a German aeroplane had visited Kent.

This, the latest raider, dropped nine bombs, killed a man and injured two men, one woman and three children."

After this the Mile End electors certainly began to ask each other whether Mr. Pemberton Billing was really the "bogey man" irresponsible forces have described him.

A thrill ran through the first great mass meeting at Mile End Palladium yesterday when Mr. Bottomley mentioned the air raid.

"DEFEND OUR HOMES."

Mr. Warwick Brookes, who is fighting strenuously to save the seat for the Coalition, has issued a letter from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild appealing to the Jewish voters on behalf of Mr. Brookes.

A well-known Jewish supporter of Mr. Billing was, however, not disposed to regard this intervention seriously.

"The Jewish electorate," he said to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "know that the Rothschilds are divided upon the question of supporting Mr. Brookes."

"Another point is having great effect upon the Jewish voter."

"The Jew has generally one conspicuous virtue, an overwhelming love of wife, family and home."

"He believes that Mr. Pemberton Billing is a practical man who can defend these things, and for this reason he will give Mr. Pemberton Billing his vote."

MAN WHO RAIDED THE HUNS.

Nothing, it can be said, has been more unfortunate for Mr. Warwick Brookes's campaign than the aspersions which have been made on Squadron-Commander Pemberton Billing's courage and patriotism by some of the Coalition candidate's supporters.

The letter from the Admiralty to Squadron-Commander Pemberton Billing on his retirement from the Air Service, in which he did such splendid service—especially when he organised those memorable raids on the German Zeppelin sheds in German territory and blew the sheds up—has put new life and enthusiasm into his supporters.

ALL TALKING "BILLING" IN MILE END.

Air Candidate's Success with "Rapid Fire" Answers to Hecklers—Neat Retort to an Undertaker.

The Mile End election campaign, which closes to-day—polling takes place to-morrow—has its humours just like every other serious affair in life.

Yesterday morning's air raid on the East Coast emphasises the serious side of the air election strongly enough, but all through the bright and sunny day Mile End looked as if it were celebrating a national holiday.

The children of Mile End were more conspicuous than ever. If children had votes, or if the opinions of the voters are indicated by the demonstrations of their offspring, one would say that Mr. Pemberton Billing's return for Mile End was assured.

They march along singing a song about "P. B." to the tune of "The Robert E. Lee."

AIR WAR THE ONLY TOPIC.

Adult Mile End, if it does not march about singing, is just as much affected by the new election cry as are the children.

The division to-day has a population mainly composed of aeronautical experts. Ordinary politics are dead. No one talks of what "Gladstone said in '76."

Mr. Pemberton Billing's aeroplane still perambulates the streets.

A couple of days ago Mr. Billing and his aero-

plane halted near a spot where Mr. Warwick Brookes was addressing an airman meeting.

The combination of airman and air-machine was a little too strong for Mr. Brookes's audience, and many of them deserted him.

But at least one of them remained faithful in spirit, even if he could not possibly resist the attractions of "P. B.'s" breezy talk.

He asked Mr. Billing questions.

UNDERTAKER CAUGHT NAPPING.

Mr. Billing has a rapid-fire method with hecklers. Few questions have been asked of him at recent meetings.

To this man he turned and said: "Are you a voter?" "Yes, I am, and I don't vote for you," was the reply.

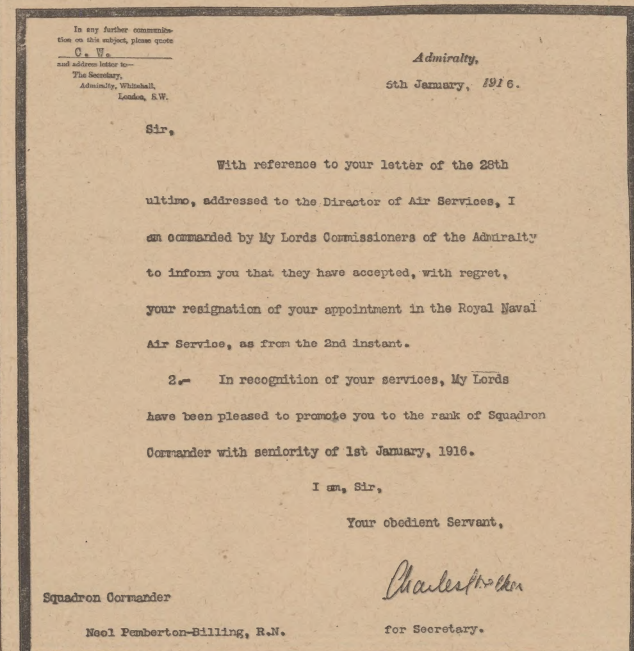
"What are you?" asked the airman candidate.

"I am so-and-so, an undertaker."

"Oh! That explains everything," said Mr. Billing.

"Explains what?" asked the mystified undertaker. "Why, you want the German Zepps and aeroplanes to come here and kill your neighbours so that you can have the job of burying them," cried Mr. Billing.

The crowd roared, and the undertaker had no answer.



The above is a photographic reproduction of the letter Mr. Pemberton Billing received from the Admiralty when he resigned.

"GERMANS' NEW MACHINE FOR BOMB-DROPPING."

"The Zeppelin is a Christmas toy compared to the new aeroplane which the Germans are building."

Thus declared Mr. Pemberton Billing at the great rally at the Mile End Palladium yesterday afternoon, which was also addressed by Mr. Horatio Bottomley and Mr. Ben Tillett.

"The politicians don't bother me at all," said Mr. Billing, "but what does bother me is the new German aeroplane which is coming over to this country in the middle of the night."

"It came last night—a beautiful moonlight night—a windy night. It actually killed a man and wounded women and children. It burnt up houses, it dropped nine bombs—and we could do nothing against it."

"Are you going to stand it? (No, no. No, no. I refuse to stand it. I have given up my work to stop it.)"

Mr. Pemberton Billing went on to say that some five or six years ago he foresaw the fact that supremacy of the air would be the dominant factor in a great European war.

"I predicted the Zeppelin raids. I predicted the heavier-than-the-air raids."

"I want your support on Tuesday."

"All I ask you to-day is to stick to me. And

I tell you, give Mr. Warwick Brookes a fair chance, and listen to him, too, and weigh up the possibilities of each of us."

"Ponder carefully in your minds as to which is the better messenger, who is the more likely to make himself heard in the House of Commons for you—the independent man or the man bound by party politics."

In a speech punctuated with cheers, Mr. Horatio Bottomley said that Mr. Pemberton Billing had come to the conclusion that, while we were peacefully sleeping in our beds, thinking things are all right again, Germany was all the time busy getting ready a new fleet of new airships—a new air danger far more deadly than the great old-fashioned Zeppelin fleet—the heavier-than-air machines.

In a special appeal to the Jewish electors of Mile End, Mr. Pemberton Billing says:—

I make a special appeal for the support of the Jewish electors of Mile End, because I am in deep sympathy with Jewish ideals and aspirations generally. I agree also that a people which has given something like half a million men to fight for the various warring nations should be represented at the great peace conference at the end of the war.

FIRST LORD AND MR. PEMBERTON BILLING.

Mr. Balfour Says "Neglected East" Statement is Untrue.

AIRMAN'S REPLY.

Mr. Balfour has addressed the following letter to Mr. Warwick Brookes:—

"Dear Mr. Warwick Brookes,—You ask me whether I have any observations to make on a statement which, you inform me, has been made by Mr. Billing in a recent speech at Mile End. The statement runs as follows:—

"You know the history of the Zeppelin raids. There was one raid over the East End, but the papers, under Government orders, said nothing. There was another raid over the East End, and part of it was blown sky high, but again nothing was said. But when a Zeppelin went across the West End of London the Government woke up, and then England went mad. Why should you discriminate between men and women being blown up in the East End and the West End?"

"If Mr. Billing is correctly reported, the only interpretation I can put upon his words is that he is endeavouring to persuade persons living in the East of London that their interests are neglected because they are poor, and that only because wealthier quarters of the town were attacked was trouble taken to meet Zeppelin raids."

"THIS STATEMENT IS UNTRUE."

"The statement is untrue; but its untruth is the least part of its criminality."

"A man who endeavours at a time like this to make political capital by suggesting that the military arrangements of the Government are due to class selfishness and not to a single-hearted desire for the general good, is playing a most unparliamentary part."

"Thus would Berlin desire that all our political controversies should be conducted; and only if they are thus conducted can we fail to win the war."

If the statements referred to in Mr. Balfour's letter were made they could only have been made in the excitement of electioneering. There is, of course, no truth in the suggestion of Governmental discrimination between West End and East End."

"AS A FIGHTING MAN."

The Daily Mirror has received the following letter from Mr. Pemberton Billing:—

"As a fighting man I can only interpret the occasion and singular violence of Mr. Arthur James Balfour's letter to Mr. Warwick Brookes as a sign that the Government realises it has lost Mile End."

"At a time when the First Lord of the Admiralty, with his characteristic felicity and discretion of phraseology, was accusing me of encouraging our German enemies—in a vain effort to save Mile End for the Coalition—our German enemies in the air were busily dropping bombs in Kent."

"I may be allowed to point out that Mr. Balfour was not the First Lord of the Admiralty during the earlier Zeppelin raids on London; and further, that after he had held that position for a month he stated in the House of Commons that he was not aware his Department was responsible for the air defences of London."

"WHAT I HAVE SAID—"

In reference to those statements of mine which have so seriously occupied the mind of Mr. Warwick Brookes that he has referred them to Mr. A. J. Balfour, I can only say of them, to borrow a phrase used by a statesman with whom Mr. A. J. Balfour was very closely, but, if political ramour is ever to be believed, not always happily associated, that "What I have said I have said."

"Perhaps the happiest answer for Mr. Balfour to Mr. Warwick Brookes, a drowning politician catching any stray to save himself, could have been tersely phrased in a sentence which Mr. Balfour has made his own, and historic: 'I am a child in these matters.'"

MILE END SPARKLETS

"Mile-End the War."

"Tuesday will be a milestone in the course of the war," said one of the crowd outside the Mile End Palladium yesterday afternoon. "Yes, a Mile-End the War stone," said his neighbour; "if we put in Pemberton Billing."

A Rhyming Prophecy.

"What's the betting?" shouted another of the three or four thousand waiting outside the Palladium while the second meeting was going on. Someone else dropped into rhyme and prophecy with—

"Just put your last rhyming on Pemberton Billing."

"Won't Wash" Brand.

"Well, I suppose it will all come out in the wash," said a philosophical Mile End to his friends who were arguing about the candidates. No doubt, said one of them, "the Brookes's brand won't wash Mile End's political clothes."

P. B. SAYS "STOP FEEDING THE HUNS AND WE WILL SOON WIN THE WAR."

NIGHT AND DAY RAIDS BY GERMAN AEROPLANES ON KENTISH COAST

One Man Killed and Six Persons Slightly Injured.

BOMBS CAUSE FIRE.

Twenty-Four French Air Raiders Drop 130 Bombs on Metz.

10 FIGHTS WITH FOKKERS.

RAIDS BY AEROPLANES.

After an absence of more than three months, the Huns yesterday brought off two air raids—both by aeroplanes.

The east coast of Kent was the scene of both raids—one early in the morning and the other at midday.

Hitherto non-experts regarded the presence of a moon as being in the nature of a safeguard against raids. The hostile aeroplane in the first raid "took advantage of the bright moonlight," says the communiqué.

Fortunately the casualties were not numerous, and no naval or military damage was done. The aeroplane got away. Was it a Fokker?

GERMANS TRY "BIG PUSH."

The Germans yesterday succeeded in making a "push" into the French line west of the Arras-Lens road. They pierced our Ally's first line trenches on a front of several hundred yards, and penetrated as far as the supporting trench.

Our Ally's counter-attacks resulted in the Germans being ousted from their gains, except in 220 yards of an advanced trench.

Twenty-four French aeroplanes dropped 130 bombs on Metz station and barracks, and the raiders' two protecting squadrons engaged en route in no fewer than ten actions with Fokkers and Aviatiks.

TO RELIEVE KUT.

The Russians report that their pursuit of the Turks, who are in flight in the Erzrum region, still continues successfully.

Unfortunately our progress in Mesopotamia is not so good. The force sent to relieve General Townshend at Kut has had much hard fighting, but has been handicapped by atrocious weather.

TWENTY-FIFTH AIR RAID BY FLYING HUNS.

Record of Attacks and Casualties by "Zepps" and Aeroplanes.

It is now more than three months since the last air raid was made.

This took place on October 13, when, in the words of the War Office communiqué, "a fleet of hostile airships visited the Eastern Counties and a portion of the London area and dropped bombs."

An airship, it was also stated officially, was seen to heel over on its side during the raid and to drop to a lower altitude.

The casualties in the raid of October 13 were: Military—fifteen killed and thirteen wounded; civilian—forty-one killed and 301 injured.

Of those casualties thirty-two killed and ninety-five injured were in the London area.

The raid on October 13 was the twenty-third, including four by aeroplanes. The total of the air raid casualties before the raid of yesterday was:— Killed, 198; injured, 428.

DIARY OF THE RAIDS.

The following is a record of the airship raids of last year:—

1915.

Jan. 19—Yarmouth and King's Lynn.

April 14—Tyneside.

April 16—Lowesoft and East Coast.

May 10—Southend.

May 17—Ramsgate.

May 27—Southend.

May 31—Outer London.

June 4—East and South-East Coasts.

June 6—East Coast.

June 15—North-East Coast.

Aug. 9—East Coast.

Aug. 12—East Coast.

Aug. 17—Eastern Counties.

Sept. 7—Eastern Counties.

Sept. 8—Eastern Counties and London District.

Sept. 11—East Coast.

Sept. 13—East Coast.

Oct. 13—London Area.

RAIDER'S 9 BOMBS CAUSE 7 CASUALTIES.

The Secretary of the War Office yesterday made the following announcement:—

Taking advantage of the bright moonlight a hostile aeroplane visited the East coast of Kent at one o'clock this (Sunday) morning, January 23, and, after dropping nine bombs in rapid succession, made off seawards.

No naval or military damage was done, but some damage was caused to private property, and an incendiary bomb caused fires, which, however, were extinguished by 2 a.m.

It is regretted that, according to reports received, the following civilian casualties occurred:—

KILLED.

1 man.

SLIGHTLY INJURED.

2 men, 1 woman, 3 children.

SECOND ATTACK BY SEAPLANES AT NOON.

The following later announcement was made last night by the Secretary of the War Office:—

Following upon the aerial attack upon the East coast of Kent in the early hours of the morning, two hostile seaplanes made a second attack upon the same locality shortly after noon to-day.

After coming under heavy fire the raiders disappeared, pursued by our naval and military machines.

The enemy effected no damage.

No casualties have been reported.

TURKS STILL IN FLIGHT FROM THE RUSSIANS.

Another Persian Town Occupied—Foe's Gas Attack Near Mitava.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 23.—The following communiqué was issued from the Russian Headquarters to-day:—

Western Front.—In the Riga sector near the Mitava road the Germans bombarded our entrenchments with asphyxiating gas shells.

Caucasian Front.—The precipitate retreat of the Turks in the region of Erzrum continues. In many places we continue to capture artillery, ammunition, provisions and telephone material.

Our troops in pursuit of the enemy are advancing along roads which are strewn with numerous frozen bodies of Askaris.

Large numbers of prisoners have been taken. One of our detachments which has arrived at the Caucasian front from Manchuria charged half a squadron of cavalry and three companies of Askaris which were defending a village, sabring a party of Turks and making further prisoners.

South of the River Charajoun we completely annihilated a strong Kur detachment.

Persia.—South-east of Hamadan the enemy attempted to advance towards the Kandelian Pass, but were repulsed.

Our troops occupied the town of Siltanabek. The German Consul in this town and a detachment recruited by him from the Persian population took to flight.—Reuter.

(AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 23.—The Austrian official communiqué published to-day says:—

North-west of Udine a fortification organised by us a long time ago has been the aim of numerous Russian attacks. Nearly every day hand-to-hand fighting has taken place, but the defenders have withstood all attacks.

South of Dubno the enemy this morning, after violent artillery preparation, attacked our positions. He was repulsed with heavy losses.

ANTIVARI OCCUPIED BY THE AUSTRIANS.

Montenegrin King Warmly Cheered on Arrival in Rome.

(AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 23.—The Austrian official communiqué published to-day says:—

The laying down of arms by the Montenegrins continues. At numerous points in the country arms have been given up.

On the north-east front of Montenegro more than 1,500 Serbians surrendered.

The ports of Antivari and Dulcigno have been occupied by our troops.—Reuter.

Rome, Jan. 23.—The King of Montenegro, accompanied by Prince Peter, arrived here this morning and was received by the King of Italy.

The royal party left the station warmly cheered by a large crowd.

King Nicholas and Prince Peter will proceed to Lyons.—Reuter.

Rome, Jan. 23.—Following upon the arrival of King Nicholas the Montenegrin Premier gave out the following official explanation of the recent peace requests of Austria:—

The negotiations relative to a suspension of hostilities were conducted solely for the purpose of gaining time and assuring our retreat and evacuation towards Podgoritz and Scutari.

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GERMAN "PUSH" INTO FRENCH LINE.

Counter-Stroke Clears Out Foe Except on 220 Yards.

GREAT AIR RAID ON METZ.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 23.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium there was artillery fire against enemy works in the region of Nieuport.

This morning, after mine explosions and a violent bombardment, the Germans carried out an attack on part of our front to the west of the Arras-Lens road, region of Neuville St. Vaast.

The enemy succeeded in penetrating on a front of several hundred yards into our first line trench and as far as the supporting trench. Our counter-attacks, which were immediately launched, broke the efforts of the enemy and dislodged him from the ground which he had carried.

HEAVY GERMAN LOSSES.

In the afternoon he only held about 220 yards of an advanced trench forming a salient in our lines.

Our curtain of fire and the fire of our machine guns inflicted heavy losses upon the Germans.

Between Soissons and Rheims our trench guns seriously damaged the enemy's works at the Cholera Farm and on the plateau of Vaucleers, and blew up an ammunition depot to the east of Rheims.

In Champagne our artillery seriously damaged the enemy's trenches in the region of Maisons de Champagne.

During Sunday two of our air squadrons, representing a total of twenty-four machines, bombarded the railway station and the barracks at Metz.

One hundred and thirty bombs were dropped on the marks previously designated.

TEN AIR FIGHTS.

The bombarding aeroplanes were escorted by two protecting squadrons, the pilots of which, on the way, fought ten actions with Fokkers and Aviatiks.

Our machines, which were violently bombarded throughout their journey, returned safely, with the exception of one which was obliged to land to the south-east of Metz.—Reuter.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

"Nothing important to report."—Reuter.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

Near Neuville, north of Arras, after a successful mine explosion our troops took possession of the most advanced portion of the enemy position over a front of 275 yards. We took seventy-one Frenchmen prisoners.

In the Argonne, after a short hand-grenade battle we have occupied a section of the enemy trenches.—Wireless Press.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch was received last night from General Headquarters in France:—

Jan. 23, 9.28 p.m.

There has been some mining activity at Marcourt, Hulluch and Givenchy. We have successfully bombarded hostile works about Monchy and Freilighien.

FIERCE FIGHTING ON THE WAY TO KUT.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of State for India yesterday issued the following:—

Telegrams received from Sir Percy Lake, dated January 22 (Saturday), state that General Aylmer attacked the Turkish position at Essin on the 21st and fierce fighting continued during the day with varying success. The weather throughout was atrocious, pouring rain rendering the movement of troops extremely difficult.

Owing to the floods it was impossible to renew the attack on the 22nd, and General Aylmer took up a position 1,300 yards from the enemy's trenches. The weather continues very bad, with incessant rain. The floods are increasing.

No details of the casualties have yet been received, but they are reported to have been very heavy on both sides.

THE TSAR'S RESOLVE.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—An officer attached to the personal staff of the Tsar has communicated to the representative of the *Petit Parisien* in Russia the substance of an interview that the Tsar had with a high French representative.

The Tsar expressed himself in these terms:—

"God knows, I have never lacked firmness, but to-day I have more of that quality than ever. I am, so to speak, sunk in it even if new events may yet force me to fall back, and even if I should have to fall back as far as the Volga, I should still retain my unshakable resolution."



Germans mending a tent in France. It is quite a big sewing party, only there is no tea and scandal.

Frederick Gorringe

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W. Ltd.

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FINAL SALE PRICE 21/9
Smart HATS in Taffeta for immediate and early Spring wear, tricorn shape, smartly finished with bright coloured shaded Silk Applique.

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SILK ROBE DEPT.

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Simple ROBES in Silk and Wool Crepon, uncrushable. Well-cut skirt with side pockets, trimmed self buttons. Collar of Ivory Crepe de Chine. In Cream, Electric, Reseda, Wine, Grey, Cardinal, Brown, Helle, Mole, Navy, and Black.

Bournville

Cocoa

"BOURNVILLE COCOA represents the highest grade of nutritive cocoa at present on the market; it fully maintains its high reputation in food value and delicacy of flavour, and is second to none in any respect whatsoever."—*Medical Magazine*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb.

Baby a Different Child.

2, Wellclose Square, St. George's, E., London.

Dear Sir,

I am writing to tell you of the marvellous effect your Woodward's Gripe Water has upon my child. As soon as she seems cross or a little bit miserable I give her a dose and she is a different child. My nurse told me about it and the good it has done surprised me. I have recommended it to a lot of young mothers. I would not be without it. You are at liberty to make use of this letter as you like as it may be useful to many more.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. STARKEY,

WOODWARD'S

"GRIPE WATER"

A perfectly safe and sure remedy for the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

Registered Trade Mark No. 99.

Contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical approval.

INVALIDABLE DURING TEETHING.

Of all Chemists and Stores, Price 1/3s.


BEWARE OF DANGEROUS IMITATIONS.

PREPARED BY

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Registered Trade Mark No. 100.

GRIPE WATER



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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1916.

WHAT DOESN'T MATTER!

NOT a bad test of the spiritual value of any civilisation is to observe the things it is willing to renounce, in order to preserve its life—in order to go on being the civilisation it claims or tries to be.

We think the Prophet has a pretty saying in the Koran to the effect that, if a man had but twopence and a choice between food and the fair flower of the narcissus, he would do well to spend a penny on bread and the other penny on the flower: "since the one nourishes the body, but the other is needed for the soul." . . .

A penny on bread, then—our commerce, our industry, our food supply, our Dreadnoughts, aircraft, and guns, our Army and Navy and Police.

A penny on the flowers also—our education, our art—if we can get it by pennies!—our museums, our literature, our churches and public buildings.

But then a war comes, to reveal the quality of our civilisation, or perhaps only to be the culmination of its quality. A war comes and the man of the parable has now hardly his twopence. He must cut off something. He must save a halfpenny. Will he now take three-quarters of the bread by which alone (he is supposed to believe) man cannot live, or will he refuse the flower, in its apparent "uselessness"?

The test of what the man loves—the test of civilisation!

We don't want to press the parable priggishly, but isn't it, indeed, entirely typical of our industrial view of things—figuring art, literature, beauty, the spiritual side of life merely as negligible decoration—that we should, on looking round for something to cut off, decide to close our museums? A slamming of almost symbolical doors, that, like the opening of Janus' temple!

Australians visiting London, Canadians, youths from every village in the kingdom, might conceivably want to inspect our treasures, which after all are not mere dead things, but representative of a tradition we value. They will not, it seems, be able to do so much longer. Here the museums are closing. In Paris they are closed.

We do not know what the facts are about the numbers who've frequented the Wallace Collection, or the others, since August, 1914. We imagine—for one thing—that a good many French and Belgian visitors must have gone to them. But even if few went—even if nobody went—that fact still would be as much a criticism of our supposed culture and education as the fact that these doors are being closed in time of war. The point is that thus we always choose the thing we can do without, and show, by a single gesture, how near to habitual barbarism industrialism is with all that follows from it. We can do without art, without beauty, without literature, without books—if need be, without education, or without religion, so far as that is expressed corporately. Cut these off first. We can reduce drink—we cannot cut it off: there'd be a revolution. We need armaments, trade, money, food, drink and games, then. The rest doesn't matter. It can be added unto us when we're rich again.

So speaks the true voice of civilisation, at a time when truth floats to the surface of her deep well. Can anyone deny, after this, that poor Bernardi Shaw is right—for once—when he tells us we mustn't celebrate Shakespeare's tercentenary this year of progress 1916? We can do without Shakespeare.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

You keep the Sabbath in imitation of God's rest? By all manner of means, if you like; and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work.—*Ruskin.*

TALES THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS TELL.

WHY THE GERMANS WILL NEVER COME TO KIEV.

By ROTHAY REYNOLDS.

THEY do not often read newspapers in the villages of the country to the east of Kiev, Mother of all Russian cities. To the peasants come rumours of the war instead of official bulletins. And the rumours are quickly transformed into legends that are more beautiful than the telegrams of special correspondents.

Weeks ago, they heard in the villages of a panic in Kiev, where people were selling their goods for any trifling sums that could be got—grand pianos were sold for 30s. a piece—and were fleeing in fear of a German occupation of the city. And quickly there arose the Legend of the Kolokolnik. What a merry sound in that

"I am saying the truth. The kolokolnik of Kiev is on the top of a hill outside the city of Kharkov."

"But how could the kolokolnik get there?" Listen, little dove. The monks heard the Germans were coming to Kiev, and they did want them to get the holy bells, so they built a scaffolding up all the kolokolnik and were going to bring down the bells and send them away; but the holy bells did not want to leave the kolokolnik and every time the scaffolding was built up it all fell down."

"Ai, yi, yi!"

"A COMPANY OF ANGELS."

"And Archangel Michael and a company of angels came down in the moonlight and they lifted up the tower into the sky and flew with it, over the forests and over the fields, all the way to Kharkov. And not one of the bells rang as the angels carried the kolokolnik!"

"Glory to God! When the Germans come to Kiev they will not get the holy bells and the kolokolnik."

And just as we sometimes open our newspapers in these days of rumours and read a tele-

HOW NOT TO MAKE WAR.



— AND GIVE THEM ALL "HIGH COMMANDS



Don't give all the important jobs to aged persons—however well-intentioned. Let the younger men increasingly get their chance.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Russian word—and properly so, for it means a tower for bells.

"The Germans are coming to Kiev," they were saying in the villages.

"And how do you know that the Germans are coming to Kiev, little father?"

"I know. The kolokolnik of the Abbey of Kiev has gone."

"Ai, yi, yi! Little father, what are you saying?"

"The monks did not want the Germans to have the kolokolnik and the holy bells, so they had it taken away. It's gone."

"But how gone? How could they move a stone tower and all the bells?"

"What a question! How can anybody answer a question like that? The engineers know how they moved the kolokolnik."

And the tale was embellished as it spread through the countryside.

"The kolokolnik of the Abbey of Kiev is at Kharkov," they said.

"Lord! Little father, what are you saying?"

gram from Athens or Amsterdam that kills the tale of the day before, so the legend of the kolokolnik was destroyed by the legend of John the Much-Suffering.

"The Germans will never come to Kiev," they said in the villages.

And why will the Germans never come to Kiev, little father?

"The monks thought they were coming, and so they began to send away the bodies of the saints. And they came to the body of John the Much-Suffering, who buried himself up to the waist in the earth."

"Up to the neck, little father."

"All the same—up to the waist or up to the neck—and he lived like that for years. And when the monks tried to move the body of John the Much-Suffering they could not. And the strongest men in Kiev came; but they could not move the body of John the Much-Suffering. He did not wish to leave holy Kiev."

"Glory to God, little father, the Germans will never come to Kiev."

WAR PROBLEMS.

OUR READERS DISCUSS QUESTIONS OF EDUCATION AND SAYING.

"IN SILKEN CAGES."

UNDER the above heading in your columns a day or two ago was described the extravagant luxury squandered on a bevy of Pekingese dogs—save the mark!—at their club show recently held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster.

About the same day and hour our small boy was going to school with clothes provided through the bounty of the Officers' Family Fund, his hair-brushes minus a silver case, initials thereon in ink at 3d. a bottle. And he, lucky boy, a deal better off than some other children one sees (as one passes along mean streets), and proud to have a brother severely wounded in France and a father recently invalided from the same front.

Between the three of them they do not own probably one-twentieth of the value in "toilet requisites" of those lavished on just one of those Pekingese horrors exhibited in the above-named show. The next Compulsion Act should rope in those who refuse to economise.

DISGUSTED.

"FUTURE SCHOOLS."

MANY of your correspondents and a large number of people generally appear to lose sight of the undoubted supremacy of the ethical aim in education. To the average man the aim of education is the preparation of the child for his future occupation, while to many teachers "education" is identical with "learning."

The fact is that the way a child is destined to spend his leisure is as important as the way in which he will do his work. Hence the aim of the true educationist is to train the child's character. This he can do through the medium of the subjects taught.

A. F. PAIN
(inter B.Sc.).
Chiswick, W.

NOT ONLY "SUCCESS."

THE sentiments of "Success" ought not to be allowed to pass without challenge.

Educationists make no claim to producing "Carnegies." Ruskin pointed out that riches were not wealth, and the accumulation of riches ought to be entirely subsidiary to the development of all the highest endowments of the human being.

"Success" in the limited sense that your correspondent uses the word is much better left to those who take a strictly material view of life.

F.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 22.—A bright green lawn is a beautiful feature to have in a garden. But it must be remembered that smooth, healthy turf can only be obtained after careful attention. At this season, during mild, dry weather, the grass should be gone over and as many weeds as possible dug up. Then brush off all leaves and rubbish. A mixture of rich material, sandy soil, ashes from the garden fire and soot, if carefully spread over the ground, and brushed about every two or three weeks, will soon be washed in by the rain. This will nourish the turf and greatly improve its appearance.

E. F. T.

COMEDY BALLET OF MARIONETTES.

(THE LAST DANCE.)

So Time the Clown, is dead, is dead. . . .
Go crown your tired head
With vine-wreath greener than the sod.
Oh! Time has angered God.
Cold snailish-thin flutes stab the beat
Of Time, beneath our feet—
Sharp cloven hoofs—wring up foul dust
As lifeless as dead thirst. . . .
And lutes like scarlet August moons,
Dead hours thro' echoing noons
Play tunelessly. . . a cadence of flames
Your blown hair, white as shame,
Fling roses, redder than sharp pain. . . .
White as the sands that wane
Within Time's hour-glass, seemed your face—
The curtain falls apace.

—EDITH STEWELL.

THE AIRMAN ON WHOSE HEAD THE GERMANS PUT A PRICE.



Commander Samson watching the effect of an anti-aircraft gun "somewhere in the East". The Germans offered a reward for his capture, dead or alive.



The famous British airman also plays football, though he is not so elusive on the earth as in the air. He is seen kicking off in the match played on Christmas Day. It was a strenuous

game, as the men could only muster six a-side. This meant only three forwards, while the defence was entrusted to two backs and a goalkeeper.

HULL'S FIRST D.C.M.



The Lord Mayor presenting the D.C.M. to Sergeant Charles Dawson, who displayed great gallantry near Ypres.

STILL ADDING TO THE NUMBER.



Turkish prisoners, captured by the British in the East, made to do some useful work. In the Caucasus the Turkish Army is in full retreat, and is losing men, munitions and stores of all kinds.

ON THE BOULEVARDS.



Mme. Boutroux, who is well known as a philanthropist in Paris, wheeling a wounded soldier.

"JIMMY" WELCH, CLAD IN ARMOUR, IN A COMIC BILLIARDS MATCH.



There was also tea and a concert. Here are some of the audience.

P. 18512.

P. 503.



Bert Errol gives a guest a light.



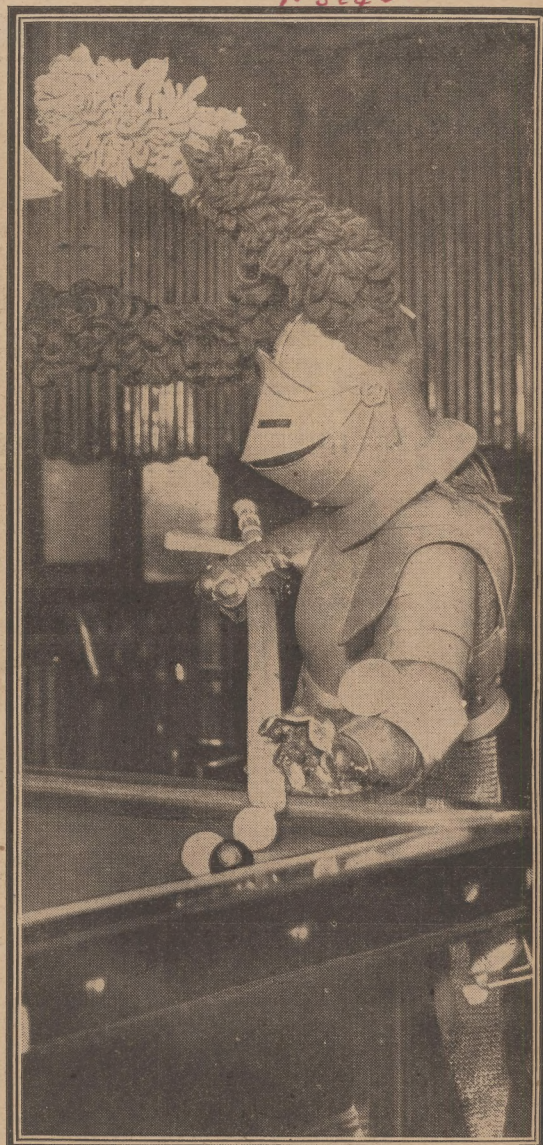
Stevenson blowing up his gloves.

TO TAKE HER BROTHER'S PLACE AT THE LEVERS.

P. 9884.



A young employee of the Great Eastern Railway, who was called up for service with the first groups, has been put back until March in order that he may teach his sister how to manage the levers at a level crossing. She will remain in the company's employ until her brother's return.



Mr. Welch has a little practice before the game. He succeeded in making the cannon.

P. 3242.



Mr. Welch makes a stroke with his dagger.

To entertain wounded soldiers "Jimmy" Welch, of "When Knights Were Bold" fame, met Stevenson, the famous billiards player, in a match of ten up at the Eccentric Club yesterday. Mr. Welch wore armour and used his dagger as a cue, while his opponent was handicapped by having to wear boxing gloves.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

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HOW TO "DITTO."

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EXAMPLES TO HELP YOU.

Selected Words.
Cash Prizes.
Errand Boy.
Tommy Atkins.
Every Day.

"Dittoes."
Holiday Certain.
Rarely Hurries.
Admiration Deserved.
Duties Arise.

The Prize will be awarded to the "Dittoes" competitor who sends in what the Editor considers the best Two Words bearing on the words selected.

You may use any of the following words or two consecutive words from this week's issue of "Tit-Bits."

Parents' Consent
The Noblest
Battle Scenes
Two Sweethearts
Our Duty

Bitter Reflections
Under Orders
Shrapnel Overhead
Open Door
Mean Nothing

Casual Meeting
Hero's Return
Always Above-board
Dreadful Noise
Special Occasions

WORDS SELECTED

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8/6 Massive Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety
chain; solid links, 18-ct. Gold (stamped filled, in velvet
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A MAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY
M. AYRES

AN OLD ROMANCE.

IT was Pansy who rushed forward and lifted Lillian. Something kept Jean from touching her, though she went for water and smelling-salts. She stood by helplessly while Pansy and one of the servants bathed Mrs. Fisher's face and hands. She walked away when she saw that Lillian was recovering. Somehow she felt as if she could not bear to meet her eyes.

"Are you feeling better?" she heard Pansy ask anxiously. "Poor darling! You've been overdoing it lately—would you want a good rest."

Jean wondered if that was what Pansy really thought, or, if she, too, knew the reason of that sudden faintness.

It seemed as if a veil had been ruthlessly torn from her eyes, showing her something which had been there all the time, only she had not seen it. Lillian had cared for Gavin years ago—long before she—Jean—had even heard his name. Perhaps it was true, then, after all, that with some people, to love once is to love always.

She had never thought Lillian capable of much feeling. She had looked upon her as worldly and frivolous. Her heart softened towards her now strangely.

She went back to the couch where Lillian was lying. She was almost herself again. There was a faint colour creeping back to her pale cheeks. She looked up at Jean timidly.

"How silly of me, wasn't it? Country Mouse! But I think Pansy is right, and I have been racing about too much lately. Don't you stay—I'm quite all right—you ought to go at once you know."

Her voice was constrained. Jean noticed how her hands were shaking.

Sudden inspiration came to her. "I don't want to go alone," she said. "If—oh, if only you could come with me..."

Pansy rounded on her. "Lillian, don't be absurd! When the poor darling is so knocked up—"

But Lillian laughed. "I'm quite all right now; Jean ought not to be allowed to go alone; I'll go with her—yes—I mean it—I insist!"

"What a muddle! What an impossible muddle!" was the thought in Jean's mind when presently they were driving away together. "Everybody in love with the wrong people... Oh, it is a shame!"

She stole a furtive glance at Lillian sitting well back in the corner, her face in shadow. What were her thoughts, Jean wondered pityingly, and tried to imagine how she herself would be feeling if it were Robin lying so dangerously ill instead of Gavin.

A passing lamp shed a faint light on Lillian's face; Jean looked quickly away with a little choking feeling; she had never seen Lillian crying before; she was always so proud, so self-contained; it hurt inexpressibly to see her so distressed.

With sudden impulse Jean put out her hand. "Oh, don't cry—don't!" she said. "I am sure he will get well again; I am quite sure he will!"

Lillian fought hard for self control.

"You must think I'm a fool," she said in a stifled voice. "But—but I've known him so long. Don't be jealous, Country Mouse—there's nothing at all to be jealous of! He loves you fifty times more than he ever did me; but—somehow all the happiness I have ever known seems to have been bound up in him, and now—if he dies..."

"He won't die," said Jean, with a conviction she was far from feeling. "Somehow—somehow I feel it in my bones, that he won't."

Lillian had to bite her tears shamefully away; she gave Jean's hand an affectionate squeeze. "Forget all about it, Jean. I'm not a very cheerful companion for you, am I? When you must be feeling so unhappy yourself."

Jean tried to answer, but the words seemed to stick in her throat; she felt such a humbug; it seemed such a farce that it should be she for whom Gavin had sent, when she did not care half nor quarter as much for him as this woman who sat beside her.

She dreaded for Lillian's sake to reach the hospital; she guessed what the elder woman must be suffering; she felt that she would give anything to be able to help her.

But there were other news waiting for them; Gavin had taken a turn for the better, and there was hope—great hope!

There! What did I tell you! said Jean delightedly. The nurse looked at her curiously. She had understood that it was Jean to whom Gavin was engaged, but somehow it was not in Jean's eyes that she read the strain and distress.

Lillian tried to smile. "You were right," she said tremblingly. "I am so glad." She looked at the nurse. "Could we—may we see Mr. Dawson—just for a moment? We will be very quiet."

It must only be for a moment, then; the doctor said he was to have perfect quiet—we have moved him into a private ward."

Lillian slipped a hand into Jean's as they went down the long corridor; for once in their lives the order of things seemed to be reversed, and it was Jean who took the lead.

The room where Gavin was lying was in darkness save for a shaded lamp on a table; Jean felt Lillian shrink back a little; she drew her gently forward.

She looked at Dawson's quiet face with a sin-



Jean Millard.

gularly detached feeling; she wondered how she would feel if he died! If she would find out that she had really cared more for him than she now believed.

"He was the handsomest man I have ever seen—five years ago!" Lillian whispered to her; she turned away, as if she could no longer bear to look at him; presently they were driving away from the hospital again.

There was nothing to say for, the nurse assured them; the immediate danger was past; she promised to let them know directly there was any change.

"I shall have to put off Jummy's party," Lillian said, apathetically. "Somehow, with Robin going away and Gavin ill—poor Jummy! He will be so disappointed."

"I shouldn't put it off just yet," Jean said, hastily. Gavin may be ever so much better in a day or two—and you've taken such trouble with it all."

"Everything seems to have gone wrong this year," Lillian said, with a touch of passion in her voice. "I meant to have such a good time and enjoy myself so much, and it's been hateful—hateful!"

"And all because of me!" Jean thought, guiltily. If she had never seen Gavin—if she had never come to London, everything might have been so very different.

"Things always begin to improve when they look their worst!" she said, trying to speak cheerfully; but she had no real hope. Robin would go away; she could not see beyond that fact, and with Robin gone life must surely be at a standstill.

She went straight to her room, but she could not sleep; the wheel of thought kept going round and round in her brain ceaselessly.

If Gavin lived she would keep her promise to him and marry him; and then Lillian's heart would break, and then—

But if Gavin died there was still no happiness for Lillian, and Jean felt just then that she would give anything for Lillian to have something—something to look forward to, something out of life's lucky bag that so far had only given her money—and Jummy!

Jummy was a darling, of course; but Jean had guessed all that Lillian had not put into words when she said of Gavin that all the happiness she had ever known seemed bound up in him; she wondered with a new sort of humbleness that he had ever wished to look at her when Lillian was by; she realised all over again what a lot she had to thank him for.

No doubt, if she had never seen Robin, she would have married him and been quite happy, but she had seen Robin, and it had made all the difference.

Jummy came clamouring to her door before she was properly awake next morning. He was highly indignant because there was no letter from Uncle Robin. He seemed to imagine that there was a dark conspiracy afoot to rob him of it. He asked a thousand and one questions as to how Jummy came and who brought them. "I haven't had one, either," Jean told him, with an attempt at consolation. Jummy looked superior.

"But you don't like him like I do!" he said solemnly.

He sat on the side of Jean's bed, with his little pink feet tucked under the eiderdown. "Do you?" he insisted.

Somehow the serious regard of his eyes seemed to demand an answer.

"I don't like him at all!" said Jean. "But—perhaps I—I love him, Jummy!"

"Oh!" said Jummy. There was a moment's silence, then. "Your face is all getting red, Auntie Jean," he said accusingly.

"It's enough to make anyone get red," said Jean exasperatedly, "to be stared at by your solemn eyes." But she kissed him all the same.

ROBIN'S REPLY.

FOR two days the cloud of suspense hung over the house. Jean spent her time going to and from the hospital where Gavin lay; she knew every inch of the road long before a week had passed—knew it and hated it!

"You're beginning to look worn out," Pansy said one morning with vague sympathy. "When Mr. Dawson is about again I should think the best thing you two can do is to get married and trot away on a honeymoon."

Jean coloured; she looked quickly at Lillian.

"A most excellent suggestion," Lillian said yawning. "Have you thought where you would like to go, Country Mouse?"

"No," said Jean shortly. She could not understand Lillian in these days; the little momentary glimpse she had been allowed to have of her real self had never been repeated; Lillian was once more the bored, rather cynical woman of the world whom Jean had first known.

She seemed to avoid Jean—she had never been again to the hospital, though Jean knew that she sent down every day to ask how Gavin was, and sent him flowers and fruit.

He was much better now—quite out of danger—able to sit up for an hour or two each day.

"What would you have done if I'd been finished?" he asked Jean once as she sat beside his bed. His sunken eyes searched her face jealously. She did not answer.

"You'd have married somebody else, of course," he said after a moment. "Whom would you have chosen next time—eh, Jean?"

She got up and walked over to the window; she stood looking out into the wind-blown street trying to choke back her rising anger.

After all, he had no right to speak so to her; he who had lied to her about Robin—and...

"Jean!" he said pleadingly.

She went back to him at once; she laid her hand on his.

"Isn't it rather silly to ask such a thing as you haven't been 'finished'?" she asked lightly.

"No—you must lie down, or I shall go away... you know what the nurse said!"

She raked her brains for odd bits of news to interest him.

"Where is O'Neil?" he asked suddenly. "Do you ever see anything of him in these days?"

"No—I haven't seen him since the night of your accident. He is going back to India in January—did you know?"

"No." He was still looking at her. "Isn't that rather a sudden determination?"

"I don't know."

It was torture to her to have to sit there and discuss Robin so calmly. She changed the subject as soon as she could.

"Mrs. Fisher hasn't been well," she said. "Everyone seems to have been down on their luck since you were ill, Gavin."

His handsome eyes brightened a little. "You missed me then?"

"Of course we did!"

There was another silence.

"Lillian hasn't been down to see me, anyway," he complained, with an invalid's fretfulness.

"Oh, yes, she has," said Jean, quickly. "She came down with me the first night—when you were so ill. She was—she was very much upset."

"Was she?" He smiled reminiscently. Jean was conscious of a faint pang of jealousy. He was thinking of the days that were dead and

gone, she knew—days in which she had had no part; when he and Lillian had been everything to each other. She sighed involuntarily.

Gavin turned his head.

"Jean—you won't keep me waiting—when I'm up and about again? The doctor says I must go away for a long holiday... You'll—you won't let me go alone?"

She clasped her hands hard together.

"No, Gavin..." Her voice was a little breathless. "I'll—I'll marry you—just as soon—as soon—as ever you like."

"You promise, Jean!"

"Yes."

He raised her hand to his lips, kissing it.

"I'd make you so happy," he said. She did not answer. His fingers tightened their weak grip of hers.

"You promise—faithfully!" he said again; there seemed to be some vague doubt of her still in his mind. "Jean—look at me!"

She forced herself to meet his eyes.

"I promise," she said again.

So it was all settled at last! Outside the hospital she stood for a moment in the chilly street feeling a little dazed and shaken.

There was no longer any loophole for escape; she had promised to marry Gavin as soon as ever he wished.

She had wiped Robin out of her life—there was no place for him in the future.

Finished and gone left!—and yet all the while there was a sort of desperate conviction in her heart that even now something would turn up to prevent it. In books something always happened, even if it were only on the last steps, so that the hero arrived in the nick of time and married the heroine.

But somehow she could not imagine Robin moving heaven and earth to get her; he was the sort of man who would stand aside and not trouble any more about her after what had occurred between them.

She hurried home; she wanted to get away from her thoughts. She went straight up to Jummy for distraction; he and she had grown to be great pals during the past week now that Robin was no longer available; Jummy greeted her with shouts of delight; he was waving a letter in his hand.

"It's from Uncle Robin... Uncle Robin!"

He thrust it into Jean's hand. "Read it! Read it!" he demanded; he had not allowed anyone else to touch it.

Jean read the few lines tremblingly.

"I've just had your letter, old chap." That was how Robin began. "It went to the wrong address, and had to be sent on. I've changed my mind about the party after all, and am coming because Auntie Jean wants me to—you might tell her the next time."

Saturday— isn't it? Or has it been put off?"

Jummy raised anxious eyes to Jean's face.

"Is it Saturday?" he asked eagerly; but Jean did not answer—did not seem to hear.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

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Can be worn with or without a belt.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mr. Arnold White.

"Vanoc."
Mr. Arnold White, who is stoutly supporting the candidature of Mr. Pemberton Billing at Mile End, was himself a candidate for that constituency thirty years ago. He has always fought for a strong Navy. Mr. White has travelled in most parts of the world, and some years ago he performed an important service in negotiating, on behalf of Baron de Hirsch, with the Russian Government for the Jewish colonisation of land in the Argentine Republic. His articles, signed "Vanoc," are widely read.

A Brilliant Speaker.

Mr. White is one of the few writers of distinction who shine as much on the platform as in print. I heard him lecture at His Majesty's Theatre the other afternoon on "The Triumph of Sea Power." It was a brilliant address, and, although it was packed with facts and argument, it was delivered without the slightest reference to notes.

An Old Tune to New Words.

The popular election song in Mile End, chanted by all the boys and girls, is sung to the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." They provide words of their own, starting with "Vote! Vote! Vote for Mr. Billing." I am told their fathers will follow that advice.

A Straight Tip.

Three stars in the Mile End election:—
Pemberton Billing.
Pemberton Willing.
Pemberton Winning.

Two Important Subjects.

Looking in at a political club last night, I found members discussing two subjects over their coffee and cigars. The first was the great debate on the Government's blockade policy, which comes up for discussion in the Commons on Wednesday. The second was the Labour Party Conference at Bristol this week.

A Hullabaloo.

Men who profess to have "inside" information are predicting a rare hullabaloo at the Bristol gathering. It is just possible, they say, that the conference may be rushed into a vote against the Labour Ministers, thanks to the machinations of the Macdonald-Snowden-Anderson group. In this event Messrs. Henderson, Brace and Roberts may appeal to their constituents.

What May Happen.

That they would be re-elected by overwhelming majorities is, I am assured, morally certain. The next step would be the secession of these leaders from the Labour Party and a serious split in the party ranks.

A Pretty "Sample."

One of the prettiest and, incidentally, cleverest samples (if a sample can be clever—and why not?) in Mr. Harry Grattan's latest revue, "Samples," which migrates this evening from the Playhouse to the Vaudeville Theatre, is Miss Mabel Russell, whose latest portrait this is. Miss Russell joined the cast



Miss Mabel Russell.

of "Samples" a few weeks ago, and her clever character studies have added to the gaiety of Mr. Grattan's latest revue. Miss Russell considers that revue provides valuable practice from the artist's point of view, because she has to play so many different parts at each performance.

Huns Are Worrying.

The Huns are beginning to worry about the blockade. They do not like all this insistent public demand for strengthening our Navy's hands in case it leads to action. I have been glancing through the German papers during the week-end, and could not help noticing how very subdued they all are on the subject of the blockade. They will be still more subdued once a really rigid blockade begins. Apparently the Press and public demand to "stop feeding the Huns" is having its effect.

An Unhated Englishman.

The Germans do not sing their hymn of hate to Shakespeare. Four noted Berlin theatres are now presenting Shakespearean plays.

The Slippeder M.P.

The most quietly-dressed man in the House is Mr. Field, the noted Nationalist M.P. A day or two ago I met him walking up Bridge-street. He was wearing a black sombrero quite two feet wide and a black ulster with a cape that came down to his wrists, and I've no doubt that underneath was that evening waistcoat that he always wears in the House, no matter what the time. One day (tell it not in Gath) I saw him in the lobby wearing slippers!

A Clever Australian Actress.

I looked in for a few minutes at the Coliseum on Saturday night while Mrs. York Miller's amusing little play, "Matchboxes," was going on. The house was bubbling with glee, and Miss Mabel Knowles and her clever company are working together even more brightly than they were on the first night.



Miss Rita Jonson.

Miss Rita Jonson, who plays the young wife, is making quite a hit. She is an Australian, and playgoers will remember the success she made not long ago in Miss Ellis Jeffreys' original part in "The Woman in the Case." I learned for the first time on Saturday that she is a daughter-in-law of that popular singer Mr. Reginald Groome.

In Fit-up Shows.

Bobby Hale, that versatile revue artist, was telling me the secret of his resourcefulness. "I began in fit-up shows," he said, "where you may be called upon to play anything at a moment's notice—from heavy tragedy to juvenile comic. Believe me, it is some education."

An Historic Flag.

I was talking yesterday with a young man who was chauffeur to General Botha during his campaign in German West Africa. When Windhoek—the capital—was captured it was Brown (that isn't his name) who hauled down the two German flags. General Botha took one and the other was claimed by Brown and Colonel Bowers. On appeal to General Botha it was given to Brown because he had hauled it down.

Some Signatures.

Brown had the bright idea of getting the flag covered with autographs of our fighting men, with the result that it now bears 2,000 signatures. Brown told me he had refused £25 for the flag already—but he is not a seller.

Mme. Lydia Kyasht's Husband.

I hear that the soldier husband of Mme. Lydia Kyasht, the dancer, has been decorated by the Tsar with the equivalent of our Military Cross.

Disturbing.

"Can Rifleman 5239 Hobbs have chills on my stairs?" This is the interesting note a billeting officer got at lunch-time from an anxious housewife.

Mr. Gibson Bowles's Bread.

I was interviewing Mr. T. Gibson Bowles at his house in Lowndes-square. Tea was brought, and Mr. Bowles said: "Have some bread and butter. That is English bread, and you cannot buy it anywhere in England." He then told me that perfect bread could be made only with flour made entirely from English-grown wheat. "Unfortunately," he said, "it is impossible to buy such flour. Every flour that you can buy is made from mixed wheat. To make this bread I grow my own wheat at my cottage on the Solent, and the bread is baked at home." And never have I tasted more satisfying bread. It is not white, but of a delicate pearly-grey. It has a delicious nutty flavour, and the crust is light and crisp.

Pocketing the Armet.

Walking in the Strand yesterday morning, I saw a man who had hit on a novel way of wearing his armet. It was tucked in his overcoat pocket, the scarlet crown just showing, so that nobody could mistake it for a khaki handkerchief.

Like a "Tommy."

My little nephew (aged four) objected to carrying his mackintosh to school because he thought it was "girlish-looking." His mother suggested the bright idea of rolling up the waterproof and tying the ends together. So now he proudly wears it slung over his shoulder just like the "Tommys" do!

Not Following in Father's Footsteps.

I hear that Mr. Morgan, son of the late financial and art magnate, is not imitating his father's example as a great—perhaps the greatest—collector. On the contrary, I am told that Mr. Morgan is in the market—but as a seller. It strikes me he will have to sell in America—there is not enough money left in Europe!

Music for "Tommy."

I wished good luck to Captain J. MacKenzie Rogan, of the Coldstream Guards, on Saturday morning as he was just leaving for "somewhere in France" with his famous band. Captain Rogan has recently completed his fiftieth year in the British Army, but to look at him you would not think that it was so many years since he was born. He is not the only member of his family who is serving the country just now. His daughter has relieved a man for the front—a postman. Every day, wet or fine, Miss Rogan does the postman's rounds just as he would do himself. Needless to say, it is entirely a labour of love.



Captain Rogan.

Air.

One of the Coalition posters at Mile End proclaims: "Man cannot live on air alone." "Nor without it," is equally true.

The Brasenose Club.

A quite famous Oxford club which has sent every one of its members to the forces is the Phoenix Common Room of Brasenose. Tradition reports that it is the outcome of the famous Hill-Fire Club, but this lacks authenticity. A large silver phoenix is its most treasured piece of plate, and the club motto is "Uno avulso, non deficit alter." Its register of guests includes the signature of the Prince of Wales.

Chance for the "Nuts."

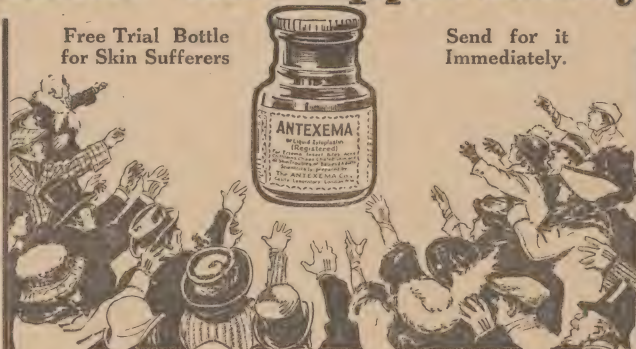
I see that the date of the sale at Christie's of the effects of the late Lewis Waller is January 27. There are many gold cigarette cases, presentation scarf pins, of course, and a fine seventeenth century cameo worn by him as Henry V. "Nuts" should have a look at the Malacca cane, with fluted gold top, and gold eye-glass which he carried as Monsieur Beaucaire.

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Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict dieting. A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetol Herb, has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigour, and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy will relieve the patient of his worst symptoms in the most aggravated cases within a week, and to prove it we will post the first 2s. 6d. package for 1s. with free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods.

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer, and send 1s. to-day for a full-sized 2s. 6d. package; AMES CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 1A), 3, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. You may purchase Diabetol at ordinary retail prices of Boots, Taylor's and other chemists.—(Adv't.)

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Outline cleanses Nature's way. It removes accumulations of dust and dirt from the pores that soap and water cannot reach. It brings the perfect beauty of health to the plainest face and banishes wrinkles. Give Nature a chance to make you beautiful. Get a jar 1/4 & 2/3 to-day.

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GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

SIGNS OF DEBILITY.

People who are tired all of the time and never feel rested, even after a long night in bed, who cannot regain weight and strength, whose step lacks elasticity and who feel no joy in living, are debilitated.

A medical examination might easily show that every organ of the body is acting normally, but the pallor of the face will usually show that the blood is thin. This thin blood is the root of the trouble.

Debility is a loss of vitality, resulting from thin blood, not affecting any one part of the body, but the system generally. Your blood goes to every part of your body, and so the use of a blood tonic like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly tones up the system. The first sign of returning health is a better appetite, improved digestion, a quicker step, brighter eyes, better colour in the cheeks. The rich red blood, reaching every organ and muscle, carries renewed health and vigour. The nerves are quieted, sleep becomes more refreshing, and with persistent treatment and proper living the debilitated patient is once more enabled to enjoy life.

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HOW I DARKENED MY GREY HAIR.

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Grey Hair.

For years I tried to restore my grey hair to its natural colour with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally came across a simple recipe, which I mixed at home, that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it: To 7oz. of water add a small box of Orelx Compound, 1oz. of bay rum and a 3oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemists at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the grey hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humours and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not colour the scalp.—(Adv't.)

ACHIEVING THE FLARE.



HATS OF NOTE.

HERE are a trio of hats whose distinction speaks for itself. Flower-crowned and surmounted by a splash of frill of taffeta, the one on the left is designed to accompany the smart spring gown. Pressed low on to the hair, its angle ever so slightly tilting forward, this is one of the newest of models.

Brim and crown are words of no meaning to the capricious little hat above. It composes itself of panne velvet, lines its folds in white and edges them with metal ribbon. Its single flower is where a single flower should be—on the very tip-top.

The last of the trio boasts the upward curve behind to support a purely formal bow.



A slight braid stiffening is all this morning gown requires. The scheme is bronze on fawn.

A facing of stiff jade satin gives all the flare fashion demands from a coat and skirt of easter cloth.

WHEN TO HOOP.

THE woman who tries to find uniformity in the vogues of to-day will indeed be sorely distraught. She reads of hoops and puffs, of bustles and drapery, of loops and ruffles. She omits to read on that until the magic hour of four o'clock she must not appear in any of these, but conform to the Lady Fashion's requirements in simple gowns, where pleats, cartridge-folds and pocket holes play the only frivolous role.

But let that magic hour strike and there isn't anything she may not do, this devotee of Fashion, in the way of puffed up skirts and sleeves.

AND HOW TO HOOP.

SHE decides on a flare—the flare indeed—with pannier draperies of taffeta. Good; but how shall she achieve this? By lining the skirt to the depth of some twelve inches with gros grain as stiff as she can buy it and of an amusing contrast in colour. So, as she walks, gleams of this silk will show where the wide folds flare out.

STIFFENED FOLDS.

THEN she considers the hip drapery. This, too, she lines with gros grain, if she means the whole effect to be wide, or merely tucks a four-inch band of maulin inside the doubled edge if the idea be a modified chicness.

HOOPS OF A NIGHT.

IT is only in her formal evening gowns that the woman with a figure uses hoops over the hips, or circlets above the knees. And even then the shorter woman regretfully considers her inches and wisely, very wisely, decides on silk-covered cords run round the yoke line, run down the seams and run about the hem.

With the hem there is an even more charming way of achieving the correct stiffness—a silken double-edged ruffle sewn just within the edge of the skirt.

AS IN A MIRROR.

COATS and skirts are faced, where the broadening comes, by bindings of their own material. At the most they permit themselves flaring within or without.

AS TO COATS.

FOR remember that here and there in the early-spring exhibitions Fashion takes us by the coat-tail and reminds us that those same coats must flare as well as the skirts. The fact that they are flat behind and before mustn't deceive us—the flare is there all right; it is gathered in folds over either hip and springs out just where the skirt unstitches its width and flares also.

The question among women is not, to flare or not to flare, but just when and how to flare.

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Regular Price 2/6 each.

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When ordering, please give Bust Measurement.



Pony Cloth Coat, full skirt, smartly finished, with side belt and lined throughout. Perfect in style, fit and finish.
Sale Price 32/6

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Girls' Frocks in fine Navy Serge. Usual Price 27/6. Finally Reduced to 21/-



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It is Nature's Remedy. **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.** Cures without painful operations, itching or cutting, in all cases of Eczema, Abscesses, Warts, Fists, Fungus, Erysipelas, Piles, Itch, Boils, Poisoned Wounds and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curbing Itch and Brouche Troubles.

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A happy band who met on Elackfrans Bridge on their way back to the front. The Anzacs and the Scots are listening to a solo by the English "Tommy."

DIED THAT HIS OFFICER MIGHT LIVE.

V.C. for Heroic Corporal Who Made Supreme Sacrifice—Letters from Front to the Parents.

The glorious story of the self-sacrifice of a corporal who gave his life for an officer is told in the supplement to the *London Gazette*, published to-day.

The memory of the dead hero has been honoured by the award of a Victoria Cross, and here is the story of his deed as related in official language.

Corporal A. Drake, 8th Battalion, the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own).

On November 23, 1915, near La Brique. He was one of a patrol of four reconnoitring towards the German lines which was discovered when close to the enemy, who opened heavy fire with rifles and a machine gun, wounding the officer and one man. Corporal Drake remained with his officer, and was last seen kneeling beside him and bandaging his wounds regardless of the enemy's fire.

Later, a rescue party found the officer and corporal, the former unconscious, but alive and bandaged, Corporal Drake beside him dead and riddled with bullets.

Letters throwing additional light on his deed are given below.

There are two other V.C.s in the supplement, and altogether seven D.S.O.s, thirty-four Military Crosses, 130 D.C.M.s and two clasps to Distinguished Conduct Medals have been awarded by the King to men who have upheld the best traditions of the British Army.

TWO OTHER V.C. HEROES.

The two other V.C.s mentioned in the *London Gazette* supplement are as follows:—

Corporal A. A. Burt, 1st Battalion, Hertfordshire Regiment (T.F.).

His company had lined the front trench on September 27, 1915, preparatory to an attack when a large mine-warfare bomb fell into the trench. Corporal Burt might easily have got under cover behind a traverse, but he immediately went forward, put his foot on the fuse, wrenched it out of the bomb and threw it over the parapet, thus rendering the bomb innocuous.

Private J. Caffrey, 2nd Battalion, York and Lancaster Regiment.

A man of the West Yorkshire Regiment had been badly wounded on November 16 near La Brique, and was lying in the open, unable to move, in full view of and about 300 to 400 yards from the enemy's trenches. Corporal Stirk, R.A.M.C., and Private Caffrey started out to rescue him, but were driven back by shrapnel fire.

Soon afterwards they started again under close sniping and machine-gun fire, and succeeded in reaching and bandaging the wounded man, but, just as Corporal Stirk had lifted him, Private Caffrey's back, he himself was shot in the head.

Private Caffrey put down the wounded man, bandaged Corporal Stirk and helped him back into safety. He then returned and brought in the man of the West Yorkshire Regiment.

He had made three journeys across the open under close and accurate fire and had risked his own life to save others with the utmost coolness and bravery.

"I MUST GO; IT'S MY DUTY."

Corporal Drake's loss will be heavily mourned at Stepney, where he had a large circle of friends. He was but twenty-two years of age, and the only son of his parents, he contributed materially to their support.

But he heard the call to serve—and responded at once. The father and mother of the dead V.C. are mourning the loss of their son. But they are upheld by the consoling thought that he did his duty.

"Just before my boy went out," said Mr. Drake to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "he said to me, 'I have thought the whole thing over, father. I must go. I feel it's my duty.'"

"And, hard as it was, I knew that he was right."

Drake was very popular both with the officers and the men of his company.

His father has received a letter from Lieutenant Tryon—whose life the boy saved—and who is now lying ill in hospital.

"We all thought so well of your son," he writes, "and he always did his duty so well. We shall miss him very much."

"FEELING OF PRIDE."

Pathetic interest, too, attaches to the following letters which the dead hero's father has received:—

"Dear Sir,—It is with the deepest regret that I write to tell you of the death of Grenadier Corporal Drake on the night of the 23rd while out on patrol work. But, though our whole company will feel his loss very much, there is a mingled feeling of pride at the manner in which he died."

"So, apart from my own personal desire to convey my sympathy to you at this time, I feel sure you would be glad to know a little about his end."

"He was sent out with two other bombers to patrol the ground in front of our trench, while many of the company were out in front of the parapet putting up wire entanglements and digging. I had myself given him instructions, and he was keen to go out."

"He was joined out there later by Lieutenant Tryon. After half an hour, about 7 p.m., one of the party, Rifleman Beasley, came back for help, and said that Rifleman Roberts and Lieutenant Tryon were wounded, and that Corporal Drake was bandaging the latter."

"There was some doubt at first as to their exact position, as Lieutenant Tryon and Corporal Drake were some distance from the other two."

"SUCH A GLORIOUS END."

"Two officers then volunteered to go and search with Rifleman Beasley for the missing men. It was dangerous work, as by this time rifle and machine fire was active."

"On finding the place they saw that Lieutenant Tryon was still alive, and that Corporal Drake must have been shot while dressing his officer. He was lying across Lieutenant Tryon. Both were brought in under fire, but no one else was hit. There is no need for me to comment upon such a glorious end as that. The simple facts speak for themselves."

Corporal Drake was, in the first place, chosen out from the company as one of the best eight men we have. This work of patrolling between our line and the German line at night is the most necessary and important work that can be done, and it is the best men we must sacrifice for it."

"WENT OUT FEARLESSLY."

"He knew in going out that he was acting as protection for the rest of the company and battalion, and enabling them to work and dig in safety."

"He went out fearlessly and cautiously. His officer being hit and another wounded badly, he immediately began dressing the wound with no thought of his own safety. In such an act he was killed."

"No words of mine can express the pride and admiration I feel for him, and in your sorrow I trust it is some consolation to you to know how great a loss he is to this battalion, and how much our sympathy goes out to you at home."

"I will see that his personal belongings are all sent to you as soon as possible."

"NO MAN CAN DO MORE."

The second letter was as follows:— "Dear Sir,—You have, I know, already heard from the captain of 'B' Company about the sad news of your son. However, I want just to write a line, too, to say how proud the whole battalion is of the glorious way in which he was killed in action."

"When on patrol with an officer and two others the Germans spotted them, and the officer and another man were both dangerously wounded. Your son stayed behind with the officer and bound up his wounds, evidently under heavy fire, as when both were found later on your son's body was riddled with bullets."

"His was an heroic act of self-sacrifice, and no man can do more than give up his life for another. I know we have lost a very good N.C.O. who would have faced any danger without flinching."

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CROYDON'S RED CROSS WEEK: CAPTURED GUN IN THE PROCESSION.

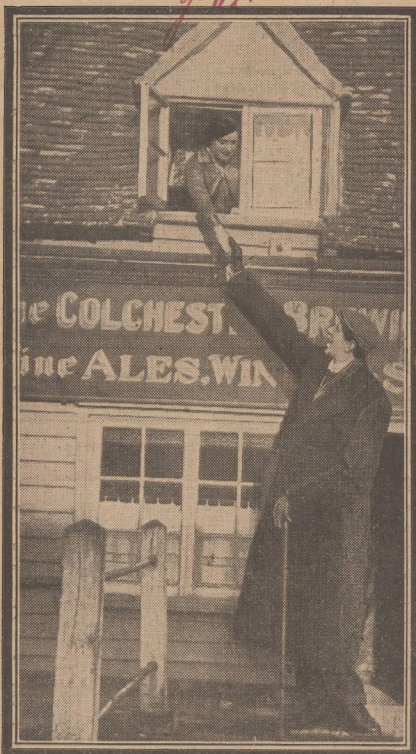
G. 36 1 P.



Croydon's Red Cross week, which opened on Saturday, promises to be a great success. Here is a captured gun, which proved a feature of the procession.

"FREDERICK THE GREAT."

G. 112



Mr. Frederick Kempster, who has been staying near Thorpe-le-Soken. He is 8ft. 2in. in height and weighs 24st., and was interned in Germany during the early period of the war.



Tableau which gained the first prize.

An auction sale, a pageant entitled "Our Day," and a flag collection have been arranged to swell the Red Cross funds.

NEW MODELS FOR THE SPRING.

En. G. 100

En. G. 100



A spring toque and a hat of white tulle veil by Lewis. It has rosetted ribbon at the back.—(Manuel and Talma.)

SPORTSMEN AT THE WAR.

P. 185 12

P. 188 12



C. K. Langley, the Warwickshire cricketer, who has obtained a commission. He was wounded last year.



Captain R. Erskine (Royal Scots Fusiliers), the well-known amateur boxer, who has also been wounded.

CHAMELEON AS A MASCOT.

G. 700 K.



There are many strange mascots in the Navy, and here is one of the number. Its home is on H.M.S. Vigilant, and its favourite haunt a lifebelt.